

Vanna, Trophy Wives

Scarlet
Ribbons fall away
She lets down her hair
So polished
Lips that tear
Your heart from
Your chest
All we are looking
All we are looking for
I found
Young love
Nursing an old soul
Goddamn
I'll lay my pride down
I am still for you
And with this heart of gold
I am still for you
I see them looking
The hearts
You've broken
You're their queen
They die for you
So darling
When we dance
And you sparkle my prize
Kiss me with that look in your eye
So they know that you're mine
Beg love
Take mercy
Beg love
Take mercy
Filthy is
Only skin deep
Mercy
Mercy on me